

## A Love Spot.

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"It's all over between us."  
"But, sweetheart!"  
"Don't sweetheart me!"  
"For heaven's sake, what can have made this change?"

"I'll never marry a medical man; that's what! I'd rather marry an undertaker."  
"But you have made no objection to my studying medicine before now."  
"A sexton in a cemetery would be far preferable to a sawbones."

"Come, tell me what has happened to excite this antagonism to the noblest of the professions."  
"Weren't you and Dick Trimmingsham riding in a trolley yesterday on College street?"

"I was."  
"And who was the third person of the party?"

"We had a skeleton with us. We were taking it to our rooms."  
"And who was the person you called Billy?"

"Why, that was what we called the skeleton."  
"So, indeed, you called it Billy? And who put the cigarette between its jaws and said, 'Don't smoke, Billy; it isn't allowed'?"

"Oh, you must have been told this yarn by some mean, contemptible!"  
"Not a bit of it. No one told me."

"Then how did you get on to it?"  
"Never mind that. Was it necessary that you should put a nickel between the horrid thing's finger bones and say, 'Here, Billy, pay your fare like a man'?"

"Did we do that?"  
"Yes, you did."  
"You mean Dick did it?"

"It doesn't matter which of you did it. You were both acting like ghouls. And if you didn't do it you did something equally frightful."

"What was that?"  
"You said: 'Billy, you ought to have worn your overcoat. You'll catch cold.'"

"I was thinking of the real person the skeleton was before he died."

"Oh, you were! Then why did you laugh when Dick said, 'He slipped out the back door and away from his poor old mother, who was chasing him with his rubbers'?"

"Did I laugh at that?"  
"You know very well you laughed at it."

"It wasn't funny at all, was it?"  
"Funny! It was shocking."

"Well, Dick, he!"  
"Oh, yes; it's always 'Dick, he.' That's the way you crawl out of everything. Whose hat was on the thing's head?"

"I put my hat on it, but only for a minute."  
"And said, 'There's too much draft for a bald head.'"

"That wasn't funny either."  
"It was revolting."

A pause.  
"I wish you'd tell me how you got on to all this."

"Perhaps you don't remember a girl who got into the car with a thick veil over her face to protect her from the storm and hung on to a strap. The thing was sitting on your lap?"

"Oh, my!"  
"And you said—what did you say?"

"I don't remember."  
"Don't remember! You said, 'Get up, Billy, and give the lady your seat.'"

A pause—a dreadful pause.  
"And the girl was?"

"One who had often sat on your lap and felt your arms about her and your kisses. To think that I should have been forced to listen to such words and see that awful thing sitting in my place! I can't bear the thought of it."

Another very long pause.  
"What did you do?"

"What did I do? I know what I wanted to do. I wanted to tell the conductor to let me get off, but just then a gentleman—a real gentleman, such as I always supposed you to be—arose and gave me his seat. I shut my eyes to keep from looking at the grinning ghost opposite, but I kept my ears open to hear what next the man I have loved would say." (Weeps.)

A pause, in which the young man looks at the ceiling, the floor, the walls, anything, everything except the girl; then he gulps sorrowfully:  
"I suppose it's all over between us?"

"I should think so."  
"This evening I'll not have you by me, as usual. You'll not sit on my lap; my heart'll not beat against yours. I'll sit alone in my room, with no one to comfort me except—"

A pause.  
"Who'll comfort you?"  
"None but Billy."

"You don't deserve any one—I mean anything—else."  
"It'll be awful lonesome sitting there that way."

"What way?"  
"With nobody but Billy."  
An ominous pause.

"Suppose I promise never to do so any more?"  
No answer.

"You know I've always loved you, ever any one else in the world. It's pretty hard to have no real person to love, only a—"

No encouragement.  
"Goodbye!"

He takes her hand, and she makes a faint at withdrawing it.  
"Just one kiss before we part?"  
"I'll never, never do anything to offend you again!"

Silence.  
"Won't you forgive me? If I go to that awful room with that awful thing there I do believe I'll blow my brains."

He draws her down into his lap.  
CURTAIN.

## EUGENE HOLMES BURT.

## The Best Cough Cure.

A half-ounce of Virgin Oil of Pine, two ounces of Glycerine and a half-pint of Whisky, mixed, will cure any cough that is curable and break a cold in 24 hours. Take a teaspoonful every four hours. Ask your druggist for the genuine Leach's Virgin Oil of Pine compound and be prepared and guaranteed by the Leach Chemical Co., Cincinnati, O.

FOUR SHOT  
IN HOLDUP

Two Bandits Seize Bag of Gold

## IN STREETS OF LONDON

And Fight Police and Mob for Miles—Jump on Street Car and Make Motor-Wagon—Finally Commit Suicide.

London, Jan. 25.—Four dead and twenty-two wounded is the net result of a running battle between police and bandits Saturday such as never before was known in London. Staid newspapers are recalling the stirring history of Jesse James and expressing horror at this outbreak of "the Wild West spirit" in the heart of the world's greatest center of civilization. Two unidentified foreigners, supposed to be Polish revolutionists, were the central figures of the tragedy. They tried to steal a sack of gold, and when pursued they fired repeatedly into the crowd, killing a policeman and a boy and wounding scores of others. When they found that escape was impossible, they turned their revolvers upon themselves and committed suicide.

The scene of the attempted robbery was one of London's most crowded streets.

Soon after 9 o'clock Saturday morning, an automobile arrived at J. Schumann's rubber works on Chestnut road, adjoining the Tottenham police station.

It carried a dozen bags of money to meet the weekly pay-roll.

As some employees started to take the money into the works, a stranger sprang forward and seized a bag of gold. A workman grappled with the robber, whereupon a confederate fired a bullet through the workman's body.

Both robbers then fled.

On hearing the shot, several policemen hurried from the station house and started in pursuit. They were joined by an increasing mob of citizens.

A member of the Schumann firm also gave chase in an automobile.

The fugitives were deadly shots. After running 200 yards, they turned and fired repeatedly at their pursuers. A policeman and a youth fell dead, and the automobile was disabled.

London policemen are not armed, so the robbers' fire was not returned. With an ever-growing crowd at their heels, the thieves scrambled aboard a street car, and, covering the motorman, ordered him to go full speed ahead.

When a minute later the tracks were blocked by traffic the highwaymen took possession of a delivery wagon. One lashed the horse to a gallop, while the other fired repeatedly on the pursuers.

At each volley someone fell.

The bandits evidently were not acquainted with the geography of London, for almost immediately they turned into an unimproved marshy ground, where they were forced to abandon their wagon.

By this time, fully 5,000 people were crowding them in.

Suddenly the robbers stumbled and fell. Rising to his knees he took a final shot at his pursuers, and then blew out his brains.

His companions ran a mile further to a deserted cottage. Going to a second story window, he waited till the crowd approached, shook his fist at the mob, and shot himself through the heart.

The affairs have revived the discussion of the question of arming London policemen like their fellows in New York.

**His Job.**  
A young boy got a job with a Scottish farmer once. "You'll sleep in the barn," the farmer said, "and I'll expect you out in the field like a morn at foot o'clock."

"Very well, sir," said the boy.

But the first morning he overslept a little, and it was half past 4 when he reached the field. The farmer, leaning on his hoe, gave him a black look.

"Where have ye been all the forenoon?" he growled.

**Murder For My A. B. I.**  
The exams have raged round me, But I took my ease.

Now come and expound me, Cramming was round me, And no funk notes found me.

The grinds got their B's, Biceps lay round me, And I took mine E's.

—Tale Record.

**What the Dollies Had.**  
Little Mary was really very ill. Mother said she was sure it was an attack of appendicitis, but grandma was equally sure the little one was threatened with convulsions.

The argument waxed warm in Mary's presence, and appropriate remedies were used, and the next day she was better.

Coming into her mother's room during her play, she said:

"Mamma, two of my dollies are very sick this morning."

"Indeed, dear, I am very sorry. What is the matter with them?"

"Well, I don't really know, mamma, but I think Gwendolyn has a pint of spiders, and Marguerite has a pint of spiders."

—New York Herald.

**Alliterative Absurdities.**  
If you caught a capricious curate killing kippers for the cook  
In the cloisters with a club yeelp a creek  
Would you say he was as witty  
As a cunning crocodile  
Catching cockles with a corkcrew in a creek

If you beheld a battle boat bombarding  
While the big guns belched bold from brass throat,  
Would you say it was as funny  
As a bounding blue back bunny  
Blowing bubbles with a bobby in a boat?

If you saw a driving dresner drowsing ducklings in a ditch  
And deducting dais dry as dust to see,  
Would you say that this death dealer  
Was of ducks and drakes a stealer  
Or of Darwin's dead ideas a devotee?

—Vander Fair.

MORE  
PINKHAM  
CURES

Added to the Long List due to This Famous Remedy.

Camden, N. J.—"It is with pleasure that I add my testimonial to your already long list—hoping that it may induce others to avail themselves of this valuable medicine, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I suffered from terrible headaches, pain in my back and right side, was tired and nervous, and so weak I could hardly stand. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored me to health and made me feel like a new person, and it shall always have my praise."—Mrs. W. B. VALENTINE, 903 Lincoln Avenue, Camden, N. J.

Gardiner, Me.—"I was a great sufferer from a female disease. The doctor said I would have to go to the hospital for an operation, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound completely cured me in three months."—Mrs. S. A. WILLIAMS, R. F. D. No. 14, Box 89, Gardiner, Me.

Because your case is a difficult one, doctors having done you no good, do not continue to suffer without giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. It surely has cured many cases of female illness, such as inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, indigestion, dizziness, and nervous prostration. It costs but a trifle to try it, and the result is worth millions to many suffering women.

## JINGLES AND JESTS

One Thing He Knew.

Hewitt—You know that heat expands?  
Jewett—No.

Hewitt—Well, you know that cold contracts?  
Jewett—Sure. I've contracted one.

Pittsburg Post.

**The Difference.**  
My neighbor eateth lobsters  
He eateth rabbit, too;  
He loveth brie and eadam  
And hideth them from view.

My neighbor waked at midnight  
And shrieked with sudden pain.  
Quick comes the costly medicine  
And treats him for ptomaine.

I eat my humble dinner  
My chop and beans and pie.  
Perhaps with indigestion  
I suffer by and by.

The good old family doctor  
My case in hand doth take,  
And as he spreads a plaster  
He calls it stomach ache.

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Vain Longings.**  
First Barn Stormer—I say, Friend Hamlet!

Second Ditto—Yes, Friend Shylock!  
First Barn Stormer—Wouldn't it be great if we could only eat all the roasts we get?—St. Louis Republic.

**A Head-on Collision.**  
It's a bonnet meet a bonnet  
Coming through the door,  
Each with fowls and forests on it,  
Three yards round or more—

If each hat, not measured double,  
Grazes either side,  
What mere man can gaze the trouble  
When these two collide?

—Katherine Perry in Woman's Home Companion.

**A Natural Reason.**  
That handsome fellow gets as busy as a bee when he sees pretty girls about."

"Probably that is because he is a honey boy."—Baltimore American.

**Fame.**  
He wrote about the hollowness of fame,  
The mockery of riches once we gain 'em,  
And those effusions were the very same  
By which he hoped and prayed he might attain 'em.

—Minneapolis Journal.

**The Big Hat.**  
"George, I simply can't take my hat off at the concert."

"Why can't you?"  
"It's too heavy to hold."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Hesitation.**  
I love my Dolly for her form  
The maid of Mile couldn't change to).  
But, ah, suppose the fashions turned to  
And Dolly had to rearrange it!

—New York Evening Sun.

**And the Mule Moved.**  
Hewitt—What's the matter with Grunt's face?

Jewett—He tried to take a moving picture of a mule.—New York Press.

**Night.**  
We know that night's a jolly queen  
And merriment's her wrinkle,  
For every time her eyes are seen  
We see they are a-twinkle.

—Kansas City Times.

**Form.**  
"He makes his living by being a reformer? Gee! How can a man—"

"I didn't say reformer; I said informer."—Washington Herald.

**Pretty, but Fragile.**  
Blow a bubble for the baby:  
Touch the gleaming thing and see  
What would happen to a friendship  
That was "touché" for two or three.

—New York Telegram.

**His Trade to Be.**  
"I wonder who will be the last man."

"I guess he'll be a shoemaker."—Baltimore American.

HUGHES STIRS  
THE BOSSES

His Attack Upon Them Leaves No Doubt as to His

## INTENTION TO MAKE WAR

Wants Direct Primaries and Bound to Have Them—Arranges to Invade the Boss Strongholds to Wage His Campaign.

Albany, Jan. 25.—The political bosses are wrought up over the attack made upon them by Governor Hughes in his speech to the Hughes Alliance Friday night. His characterization of them as political manipulators with private schemes clearly indicated to them that he is preparing in his fight for direct primaries to work the anti-boss issue with the same effect with which he used it in the campaign against the race tracks. At present the bosses are in the mood to block the entire programme of the Governor.

Relying on the operation of public sentiment, the Governor's supporters are not worrying about the threats of the bosses. The Governor intends to enter the enemy's country, as he did in the race track campaign. He will deliver addresses in the districts of all the leading opponents of his reform programme, and in that way he intends, through force of public sentiment, to compel submission to the direct primaries bill. He already has invitations from civic and other representative bodies in various parts of the State to speak on public affairs.

Anticipating a fight for election reforms, the Governor has had stacks of data collected bearing on the subject of elections, primaries and political manipulation. Among the statistics before him are tables showing the majorities of State officers, Senators, Assemblymen and even Judges for the past ten years. The Governor intends to demonstrate, by using local illustrations, how deeply rooted the boss system is especially in up-State districts.

As was the case last year, when some of the Governor's election reform bills were defeated, the Assembly will be intrusted with the job of sending the bills to the scrap heap. The plan of the opposition was developed last week when Assemblyman Hild introduced a bill providing for the appointment of a committee to investigate the operation of the direct primaries system in other States of the Union.

This bill is in committee, and will not be acted upon until the bill carrying over the Governor's ideas is presented. By means of an investigation the leaders hope to show that the direct primaries system has been a failure in other States. The Governor, it is said, is ready to meet arguments along this line with data that appear to him to furnish conclusive reasons why an investigation is not necessary.

He will send a special message to the Legislature conveying this information.

**LYNCHED AT A CHURCH.**  
Mob in Mobile Drags Slayer of Deputy Sheriff from Jail.

Mobile, Ala., Jan. 25.—A mob broke into the county jail shortly after 1:15 o'clock Sunday morning, covered the deputies with their revolvers and dragged out from his cell Douglas Robertson, a negro, who on Thursday killed Deputy Sheriff Philip Fatch and wounded another officer, who was arresting him for an assault and battery.

Ordering the jail guards not to follow, under threats of death, the mob stuffed a gag in the negro's mouth and took him to St. Emanuel and Church streets, where they strung him to a tree in front of an Episcopal church.

While his body was being drawn up the crowd fired revolver shots. The noise brought officers, who had not known of the lynching, but they arrived too late to save the negro from death. The police made no effort to arrest any of the mob.

**MAMMERSTEIN IN A FIGHT.**  
He And Two Reporters Arrested at Knickerbocker.

New York, Jan. 25.—Two reporters, James J. Doyle and Frederick M. Hall, were for an assault and battery at the Knickerbocker Hotel Saturday night, following an affair with Oscar Hammerstein, manager of the Manhattan Opera House. The men are charged with assault.

The incident grew out of the recent dissatisfaction of Mary Garden, the prima donna, over the announcement that Lina Cavalieri would shortly appear as "Thais."

Articles written by Doyle and Hall especially displeased Mr. Hammerstein, and he wrote them a sharp letter. The reporters demanded an apology, which was not forthcoming and the personal encounter of tonight resulted.

**SERVICE OVER DEAD HORSE.**  
Mansfield Buried Wagon with Old Dobbin in Mighty Grave.

Winsted, Conn., Jan. 25.—A few years ago Dr. Frederic S. Dennis, of New York, gave an old horse to Samuel Mansfield, of Norfolk. The horse, despite its twenty-five years, got too frisky for aged Mr. Mansfield, and as he did not wish to give it away, he killed it and buried it on his farm, together with the wagon, harness and blankets which Dr. Dennis gave with the horse.

The grave was as large as a house cellar. Commitment services were held, and were attended by a number of Mansfield's friends. He is a Seventh Day Adventist.

Hello! Hello!

Give me a sack of flour please—  
No—that's wrong  
Give me

**GOLD MEDAL FLOUR**

WASHBURN-CROSBY'S

FOR SALE BY YOUR GROCER THE VERY HIGHEST QUALITY



## THREE OUTSIDE SEATS.

By ELIZABETH R. CUTTER.

When I took the omnibus for St. Germain des Pres at the Place Clichy and mounted to the imperiale there were already seated there two priests, a barbed working woman with a file of marketing in her hands, two schoolboys carrying the usual black portfolios under their arms and an old gentleman who was reading the Petit Journal. Next to the latter I found a place.

A moment later the omnibus stopped again, and I heard the voice of one of my countrywomen exclaiming nervously, "I never can climb up that ladder—never!"

Then a girl spoke. "Oh, do try, Aunt Martha! They say the outside seats are so pleasant."

"Is it so you think it's perfectly safe, Mr. Henley?" asked the anxious voice.

"Perfectly safe," came a reassuring masculine echo, and there was a half second's pause, in which, I suppose, Aunt Martha tried to ascend and failed, for the conductor broke in impatiently: "En voiture! En voiture! One place on bus! Neuf places en haut!"

"Take the seat inside, Miss Percy, do," urged the man's voice. "Your niece and I can go on top."

The omnibus started forward, and two Americans came up outside—a very pretty girl, elegantly dressed, followed by a tall, athletic looking man. They seated themselves directly behind me, and she exclaimed:

"How delightful it is up here! And what a shame that we've been in Paris two weeks without ever taking the bus! Isn't it too bad that Aunt Martha stayed down below?"

"On the contrary," he replied, "I find it extremely agreeable to be alone with you for once. I've been trying for days to have a word with you by yourself, but your aunt is a perfect wonder at keeping the party in strict triangular shape whenever I go out with you. Today I purposely urged her going inside so that I could talk with you in peace up here on top."

"Now I understand what is meant by 'wickedness in high places,'" retorted the girl playfully.

"Don't try to put me off, Miss Ware, for it's no use. You know perfectly well that I love you and—"

"Be-! What are you thinking of, Mr. Henley? You certainly aren't going to make love to me here, on the top of an omnibus, right before all these people?"

"Why not?" he persisted. "They don't say of them understand English. Look at that femme de menage and those boys and the priest. They're all French. We are as safe here as if we were in the parlor at home."

"But that girl behind us"—she lowered her voice as she spoke—"do you think she looks French?"

"A Parisian unmistakably," he answered. "She doesn't understand a word we say."

I am a Parisienne—I, who had been away from New England only six months and who thought my nationality as plain as if it were stamped upon me in red, white and blue! It was a shock certainly, but the blow was softened somewhat by the compliment to my clothes. Aren't the Parisiennes considered the best dressed women in the world?

But the mistake had touched my Puritan conscience as well as my feminine pride. I was listening to a conversation manifestly not intended for my ears. Ought I to get down from the omnibus? That would be quixotic surely. I could not afford to be late to my appointment for the sake of two perfect strangers who would never know of my delicate kindness to them. Ours! I to speak out frankly and say, "I beg your pardon, but I understand everything you are saying?" That would be embarrassing for us all and really cruel to Mr. Henley, who had been trying for so long to propose.

When a man is in such straits that he has to make love on the top of an omnibus he ought not to be wantonly interrupted. It was plainly my duty to keep quiet.

But young French girls don't go out without a chaperon," objected Miss Ware. "She is all alone."

"Not at all," he answered. "There's her father right beside her reading the newspaper."

I trembled with fear. It seemed as if my neighbor must have understood that, but a glance showed him to be happily ignorant of the American daughter so suddenly thrust upon him. He was reading a serial story in the

Petit Journal, perfectly unconscious of the romance going on behind his back.

"Well, haven't you anything to say to me?" asked the young man.

"What can I say? I don't think you've known me long enough to ask such a question."

"Not long enough!" he repeated. "I've known you all summer."

"Nine days on the steamer," she counted deliberately, "two weeks in London and two weeks here. It's easy to see that you didn't study arithmetic in your youth."

"You are trifling with me," he exclaimed. "It doesn't take ten years to find out that you're in love when you meet the right person."

"Yes, but what is it to be in love?" she asked. "And how are you to be sure that you've met the right person? In the old fairy story one knows the true prince by the halo around his head, but I don't see any halo about you. I see a young man in a straw hat sitting on the top of a bus. It's not romantic in the least."

"Well, never mind if it isn't romantic," he retorted. "Who cares about love being romantic if it's real? Love doesn't need to be announced by a band of music and brought in on a silver platter. It's much bigger and more serviceable than that. It's for all times and occasions, and it means just as much on the top of an omnibus as anywhere else." She made no answer, and after a moment of silence he spoke again: "Is there any rule about when and where a man should propose?"

She was silent. We were passing the opera house at this moment, and the busy line of the boulevards came in sight. The omnibus stopped in front of Cook's office on the corner, and the two priests got down, but no one else came up to take their places.

More than half the broad Avenue d'Opera was behind us before the young man asked once more:

"You know I could make you happy, don't you?"

Still she did not answer.

"Don't you?"

"There's the Rue